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Sonnets From The Patagonian, by Donald Evans. Marie Claire.

Saloon Sonnets With Sunday Flutings, by Allen Norton. Marie Claire.

There are signs of a late grafting of the spirit of the eighteen-nineties upon certain young poets of the United States. Of course we have had earlier and more authentic indications of that spirit in poets whose work is based upon the artistic methods of the nineties, but the grafting of which I speak represents rather a tendency to imitate only that phase of the cult whose literary trademark is the sophistication of wickedness.

Curiously enough, this phase seems to have fastened itself particularly upon New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. Chicago, with the exception of a few cases transferred to Greenwich Village, seems to have escaped this light attack of the measles. I was told lately of an argumentative contest between two young poets, each of whom desired to prove that he was wickeder than the other! To a remark that the out-worn, very much *passé* desire to *épater les bourgeois* was no doubt at the root of the matter, a friend responded that these young men did not, indeed, care so much to shock others as to shock themselves; and the remarkable fact was that they succeeded so well!

Not a little of this foolish and rather wasteful child's play, in combination with certain post-impressionist leanings, is found in the two volumes of poems by Mr. Donald Evans and Mr. Allen Norton.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Mr. Evans has a decided gift for unique and memorable phrasing derived from a concise perception of the complexity of a mood. Many of these phrases occur in poems that have been quoted by reviewers for the sake of the supposed jolt they would give the public, but there are other poems less obvious in intention and more subtle; and there is much natural vigor in his work. Rhythmically, his sonnets are rather monotonous. Mr. Norton's sonnets are even more metronomically regular, and his impressions are choppy and hurried, giving the effect of confusion rather than of clarity. In many cases he kills his images before they are born. His *Sunday Flutings* are more musical; but he, even more than Mr. Evans, seems to be still *fin de siècle*. A. C. H.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

In addition to much good criticism, non-academic and personal, The St. Louis *Mirror* often publishes poetry that deserves more than casual recognition. In the *Spoon River Anthology*, Mr. Webster Ford unites something of the feeling and method of the Greek Anthology with a trace of the spirit of Villon; but the "tradition" has only served to lead him to a little cemetery in a small town—it might be any small town—in the United States, where death reveals life in a series of brief tragic epitaphs. We regret that we have space to quote only a few of the poems: